

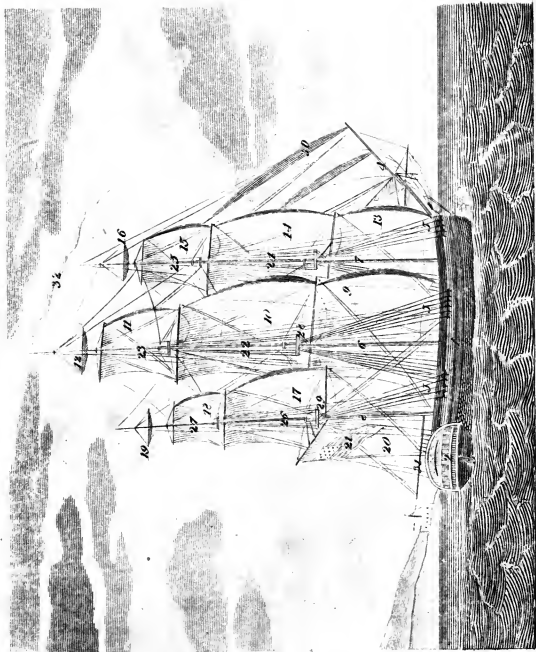
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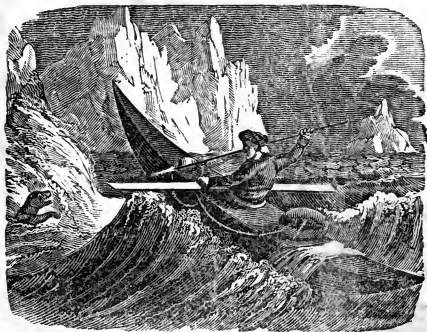
Franklin Grant

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Published by Gray and Lowen.

PETER PARLEY'S TALES
OF THE
S E A .



WITH MANY ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:
THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
NO. 253 MARKET STREET.

1839.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit* :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1831, and in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL G. GOODRICH, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit* :

“PETER PARLEY’S TALES OF THE SEA, with many ENGRAVINGS.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;” and also to an act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, ‘An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

NOTICE.

THIS is the last of Peter Parley’s Series of Tales, designed to instruct children in Geography and History. The other volumes are, *America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and Islands in the Pacific.*

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TALES OF THE SEA.



CHAPTER I.

Parley tells about the Oceans.

I HAVE now finished my stories of the Four Quarters of the Globe, and the Islands in the Pacific Ocean. I have also told you the principal adventures of my own life. I hope you have found the little books I have written for you amusing and instructive.

I occasionally meet some of my little friends, as I walk about the streets of Boston, and they tell me that they like my stories very well. Sometimes they come running up to me, and beg that I will tell them some more stories.

Now, as nothing gives me more pleasure than to gratify my little friends, I am going to write another book for them. In my Tales of Ameri-

ca, Europe, Africa, Asia, and the Islands of the Pacific, I have told about the Land. I am now going to tell some Tales of the Sea. I have described the principal countries and nations on the globe: I have told you of the manners and customs of the people; about the birds, the four-footed beasts, and the most remarkable fruits and vegetables throughout the world.

But I have told you little of the great Waters that surround the world. I have related some of my own adventures upon the sea, but I have a great deal more to tell you about it. The sea is full of wonders; and I do not doubt that you will be deeply interested in the account I shall give you.

Before we proceed any further, I must inform you that there are five great Oceans on the globe. These are the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Northern, and Southern. The Atlantic Ocean lies to the east of us. You can see this ocean

How many Oceans are there? What are the names of the five oceans?
Where is the Atlantic Ocean?

at Boston, New York, and many other places. It separates America from Europe and Africa. We must cross this ocean to go from any port of America to England, or France, or Spain, or Africa. It takes a vessel about 30 days to cross this ocean. It is about 3000 miles in width, from east to west, and about 8000 miles in length, from north to south.

To the west of America lies the Pacific Ocean. It is the largest of all the oceans. It is about as extensive as all the land on the globe, and is about equal in extent to all the other oceans and seas. It is 10,000 miles across, from east to west, and it takes a vessel three or four months to sail from one side of it to the other. It is 7 or 8000 miles in extent, from north to south. It sepa-

What countries does it lie between? What ocean must you cross to go from America to Europe? How wide is the Atlantic Ocean? Length? How long does it take a vessel to cross the Atlantic Ocean? Where is the Pacific Ocean? What is the largest ocean? What ocean is as extensive as all the land on the globe? Extent of the Pacific Ocean, from east to west? From north to south? How long does it take a vessel to cross the Pacific?

rates America from Asia. The Atlantic Ocean is about half as large as the Pacific Ocean.

The Indian Ocean is in a south-westerly direction from us. It lies to the south of Asia and Africa. Vessels, in going from Europe or the United States to China, sail across the Indian Ocean.

The Northern Ocean is situated near the north pole. Some portions of it, near the land, are always covered with ice. Large masses of ice are seen floating about in the water, at all seasons of the year. Several vessels have attempted to penetrate these icy regions; but the air is so cold, and there are such quantities of ice, that they have not been able to proceed very far.

The Southern Ocean is situated near the south pole. Several navigators have visited this ocean; but they met with the same difficulties here that

What countries does the Pacific Ocean lie between? Where is the Indian Ocean? What countries lie north of it? What vessels cross the Indian Ocean? Where is the Northern Ocean? What can you tell of the Northern Ocean? What of the Southern Ocean?

have been found toward the north pole. The ocean was filled with masses of ice, and they found it impossible to proceed.

Beside the five great oceans, there are many Seas. These are smaller parts of the ocean, nearly surrounded by land. The principal seas are the Mediterranean, which lies between Africa and Europe; the Baltic Sea, which lies between Russia and Sweden; the North Sea, between Great Britain and Denmark; the Black Sea, Arabian Sea, Red Sea, China Sea, and Caribbean Sea. There are also Gulfs, Bays, and Straits.

But all these are only portions of the great mass of waters that surround the globe. They all flow together; and, although we give different names to different parts, they constitute one universal sea, of which I am now going to tell you.

What are Seas? What are some of the principal seas? Where is the Mediterranean? Baltic? North? Black? Arabian? Red? China? Caribbean? What other names are given to different parts of the ocean?

CHAPTER II.

About the Saltness of the Sea. About Tides. Colors of the Sea. Sparkling of the Sea.

I SHALL now tell you of some curious matters relating to the sea. Sea water is always salt, in all parts of the world. If you put a little of it in your mouth, you will perceive that it tastes like brine. It is impossible to say, with certainty, what occasions the saltness of the sea. But I imagine that there are great beds of salt lying at the bottom of the sea, in various parts of the world. These, being washed by the moving waters, impart to them, as I suppose, some of their particles, and thus render them salt.

But whatever may cause the saltness of the sea, the fact itself is of the greatest importance. For if the ocean were formed of fresh water, it would become tainted. All the animals in it

Is the ocean salt in all parts of the world? What probably causes the saltness of the sea? Of what advantage is the saltness of the sea?

would perish, the air itself would become poisonous, and all animals and plants, even on the land, would sicken and die.

Another remarkable circumstance relating to the sea is, that it is kept in constant motion, flowing backwards and forwards, from east to west, and west to east. If you were ever upon the sea shore, you probably observed that the water is sometimes high, and sometimes low. Sometimes it flows toward the shore, and sometimes from it.

These motions occur at regular intervals, and are called *tides*. When the water is high, it is called *high tide*; when it is low, it is called *low tide*. When the water is coming in, it is called the *flowing* of the tide; when it is going out, it is called the *ebbing* of the tide. Every twelve hours it is high tide, and every twelve hours it is low tide. Six hours after it is high tide, it is

What are tides? What is high tide? Low tide? What is the flowing of the tide? Ebbing of the tide? How many hours from one high tide to another? From one low tide to another?

low tide ; and six hours after it is low tide, it is high tide. Thus the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours.

The tide usually rises, at Boston and New York, from six to ten feet. In some places, it rises much higher. In the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, it rises to the height of forty feet. Sometimes it rushes in so suddenly as to overtake the cattle that are grazing on the beach. When they see it coming, as if aware of their danger, they set up a loud bellowing, and fly from it with all their might. But the tumbling waters often overwhelm them, and bury them beneath the waves.

The tides extend all over the surface of the globe, wherever the ocean or the sea is found, with one exception. There are no tides in the

How many times does the tide ebb and flow in twenty-four hours? How high do the tides rise at Boston and New York? What of the tides at the Bay of Fundy? If it were high tide to-day at twelve o'clock, when would it be high tide again? If it were low tide this morning at six o'clock, when would it be low tide again? If it were low tide to-day at nine o'clock, when would it be high tide?

Mediterranean Sea. But every where else, along the shores of Europe, and Africa, and Asia, and America, and the islands scattered throughout the Ocean; on all these shores, the restless waters are in constant activity. They never tire, and they are never at rest.

These are very curious facts; but they are not merely curious. That Great Being, who made the world, had some useful design in subjecting the waves of the ocean to that law which keeps them in constant motion. But what is that design?

If we reflect a moment, we shall perceive, that if the waters of the ocean were always at rest, notwithstanding their saltness, they would become putrid; and all living things, whether in the sea or on the land, would perish. The tides, then, are of the greatest importance. Without them, the world itself would become uninhabitable.

But what is the cause of the tides? Why do

In what sea are there no tides? What is the utility of the tides?

these waters of the great deep flow regularly backwards and forwards, in this wonderful manner? I will tell you. The moon, that passes over our heads every day, has the power of attracting the waters of the ocean. Thus, as it moves along through the heavens, the waters, being attracted by it, are drawn along after it, until they burst upon the shore, that stops their progress.

Those of my little readers, who have been near the ocean, have probably observed, that it is sometimes blue, and sometimes green, and sometimes of a yellowish tint. The green and yellow tints are occasioned by plants growing beneath the water. The blue color of the water is occasioned partly by the reflection of the sky, and partly by the atmosphere, which gives an azure tint to the distant water, as it does to distant hills and mountains.

What is the cause of the tides? What occasions the green and yellow tints of the sea? What causes the blue color of the sea?

I have sometimes observed, in stormy weather, that the waters became very dark. This appearance, I suppose, was occasioned by the black clouds that filled the sky.

One of the most beautiful appearances in the sea is its sparkling at night. Where the water is agitated by a ship, the waves become illuminated, and seem to be filled with little balls of fire, which shine for a moment, and then disappear. Sometimes the whole track of a vessel will seem to be on fire. In stormy weather, the brilliancy of the water is often increased; and, during a gale of wind, I have frequently seen the spray of the sea dash over the ship in a dark night, seeming like a stream of liquid fire.

This brilliant phenomenon cannot be very easily explained. I am inclined to think, that it is caused by a multitude of very minute animals in the water, that have the power to give forth light, similar to that of lightning-bugs.

Describe the sparkling of the sea at night. What probably occasions the sparkling of the sea at night?

CHAPTER III.

*Parley goes to Nahant. About Fishes that inhabit the Sea.
Various Matters and Things.*

IN the course of last summer, I went down to Nahant. This place, you know, is a rocky point of land, running out into the sea. While I was there, I went along the shore for a walk. I was alone; and by and by I sat down upon the rocks close to the water's edge, for the purpose of resting myself. The waves were in constant motion. Sometimes they would retire from the rocks, and whirl about in gentle eddies, as if tired of their play; then again they would rush against the shore, foaming and thundering, as if they were very angry.

I sat looking at the water for some time. The sun was shining very bright, and I could perceive in the waves a thousand little fishes sporting and darting about in all directions. There were many thousands of them. But they soon passed

along, and others followed them. These again passed by, and other multitudes succeeded them. Thus they continued to pour along in a continued stream.

This led me to reflect upon the countless tribes of living things that inhabit the sea. I remember to have seen, along the shores of Norway and Russia, the waters filled with little fishes like these I observed at Nahant. I had also seen in China, around the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the north-west coast of America, in all parts of the world which I had visited, the same busy throng gliding through the waters.

The sea is indeed full of objects worthy of our attention. Plants of various kinds, some of them very beautiful, and others exceedingly curious, grow along the bottom. Fishes of various forms, some of them not larger than the point of a needle, others as big as a small ship; some with scales, and some with shells; some inno-

What grow on the bottom of the sea? Describe the various fishes that inhabit the sea.

cent and peaceful, others fierce and quarrelsome ; some beautiful for their graceful shapes and bright colors, others hideous from their wild and savage aspect ;—these occupy the bosom of the great waters, and fill it with life and motion.

I could tell you a great many pleasing stories about these inhabitants of the deep. When we look out upon the water, and see nothing but its level surface, we must not imagine that there is nothing going on below. If we could look into the waves, we should see the sharks pursuing the cod-fishes ; we should see the whale and the sword-fish engaged in mortal battle ; we should see the dolphins shooting through the water in sport, as if they were running a race, and the porpoises hurrying along in a crowd, like a troop of boys just let out from school. We should see thousands of smaller fish ; some of them flying away from their enemies in fear ; some saun-

What should we observe, if we could see all that is going on in the water ?

tering about in comfort and in peace ; some at rest, and some in motion ; some going this way, some another.

Thus the whole ocean is full of life. Myriads and myriads of creatures find in it their home. It appears to be the plan of the great Creator that no part of his dominions shall be vacant. The earth is covered with a multitude of creeping things ; the air is inhabited by millions of insects, and numberless tribes of the feathered race. But neither the earth nor air seem to be so fully occupied as the sea.

The largest inhabitant of the land is the elephant. The largest creature that lives in the sea is the whale. But a whale is thirty times as large as an elephant. I could tell you many curious stories of the whale. I shall by and by give you some account of the manner of catching whales, which I trust will please you. I shall also, before I get through this little book, relate to you some other stories about the inhabitants of the sea.

What is the largest creature that lives on the land ? What is the largest in the sea ? How much larger is a whale than an elephant ?

CHAPTER IV.

About the various Names given by Sailors to the different Parts of a Ship.

I AM going pretty soon to tell you some interesting stories, of what has happened to people on the sea; but, before I do this, I wish you to know something about ships.

At the beginning of this book is the picture of a ship, with all her sails spread. She appears to be under full sail. Now I have had this picture drawn for the purpose of making you understand the names given by sailors to various parts of a vessel.

You will observe on the ship various numbers. You will see No. 1 on the lower part, or body of the ship. This part of the ship is called the *hull*. The *cabin* is a room inside of this, at the hinder part of the vessel. The captain and passengers sleep and eat in the cabin. Sailors sleep in the fore part of the hull. The middle part

of the ship is filled with boxes and barrels, containing various kinds of merchandise, which the vessel carries from one place to another. The floor of the ship is called the *deck*.

You will see No. 2 on the hinder part of the vessel; this is called the *stern*. The fore part of the vessel is called the *bow*.

At the stern of the vessel, marked No. 3, you will see a stick running up and down. This is called the *rudder*. One end goes into the water; it is turned back and forth, by a man who stands on the deck. Sometimes the man turns it with a wheel, and sometimes with a stick. The contrivance by which the man turns the rudder is called the *helm*. The rudder, under the water, is broad and flat; and, by turning it one way and the other, the helmsman directs the ship, and makes it go which way he chooses.

No. 4 is a stick that runs out from the bow of the vessel, called the *bow-sprit*.

What is the deck of a vessel? Stern? Bow? Rudder? Helm? Bow-sprit?

The ropes, which are marked No. 5, go from the sides of the vessel to the masts. They are called the *shrouds*. They are very strong, and prevent the masts from being blown over. There are little ropes across them, which enable the sailors to run up the shrouds, as if they were ladders.

No. 6 is the *main mast*, No. 7 is the *fore mast*, and No. 8 is the *mizzen must*.

No. 9 is the *main sail*, No. 10 is the *main-top sail*, No. 11 is the *main-top-gallant sail*; No. 12 is called the *main royal*.

No. 13 is the *fore sail*, No. 14, the *fore-top sail*, No. 15, the *fore-top-gallant sail*; No. 16 is the *fore royal*.

No. 17 is the *mizzen-top sail*, No. 18 is the *mizzen-top-gallant sail*, No. 19 is the *mizzen royal*, No. 20 is the *spanker*.

What are the shrouds of a vessel? What is the main mast? Fore mast? Mizzen mast? Main sail? Main-top sail? Main-top-gallantsail? Main royal? Fore sail? Fore-top sail? Fore-top-gallant sail? Fore royal? Mizzen-top sail? Mizzen-top-gallant sail? Mizzen royal? Spanker?

No. 21 is the *flag* of the country to which the vessel belongs. Every country has a flag. The flag of the United States is marked with blue and white stripes, and has thirteen stars upon it. England has a flag marked in a different manner. So each country has a flag peculiar to itself. Now when two vessels meet at sea, they hoist the flags of the countries to which they belong, so that the people on board can tell at once what countries they came from.

No. 22 is a stick, forming a part of the main mast. It is called the *main-top mast*. No. 23 is the *main-top-gallant mast*.

No. 24 is the *fore-top mast*; No. 25, the *fore-top-gallant mast*.

No. 26 is the *mizzen-top mast*; No. 27 is the *mizzen-top-gallant mast*.

No. 28 is a little circular place, where three or four men might stand. It is called the *round*

Describe the flag of the United States. What is the use of the flag? What is the main-top mast? Main-top-gallant mast? Fore-top mast? Fore-top-gallant mast? Mizzen-top mast? Mizzen-top-gallant mast? Round top?

top. Each mast has a round top. One is called the *main round top*, another the *fore round top*, and the other the *mizzen round top*.

At the fore part of the vessel, you observe two small sails, extending from the bow-sprit to the fore mast. The lower one is called the *gib*; the upper one, marked 30, is called the *flying gib*.

No. 31 is a stick running out backward from the mizzen mast. It is called the *boom*.

No. 32 is the *pennon*, or *streamer*.

The sticks that run across the masts, and support the sails, are called the *yards*. One is called the *main yard*, another the *main-top yard*, &c.

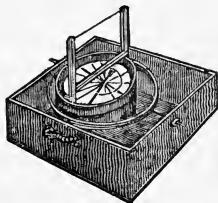
There are a great many other names given by sailors to different parts of the ship. The right side they call *starboard*, the left side *larboard*. That point of the compass from which the wind is blowing is called the *windward*; that point toward which it is blowing is called the *leeward*.

What is the main round top? Fore round top? Mizzen round top? Gib? Flying gib? Boom? Pennon? Yards? Main yard? Main-top yard? What is the starboard side of a ship? The larboard side? Which way is windward? Leeward?

CHAPTER V.

About the Mariner's Compass.

I MUST tell you a few more things, before I proceed to relate my sea stories. Here is a picture of a compass.



This consists of a box, within which there is a round piece of paper, with lines drawn upon it. These lines are marked N. for north, N. E. for north-east, E. for east, S. E. for south-east, S for south, W. for west, &c.

Now, over this round piece of paper is a lit-

Describe the mariner's compass.

tle piece of steel, called the needle. This needle is magnetised ; that is, it is charged with magnetism. This magnetism I cannot very well explain to you, but it gives to the needle a most wonderful and astonishing power.

The needle, being placed on a pivot, so that it can easily turn one way or the other, is directed, or governed, by the magnetism, so that it invariably points toward the north. This is certainly one of the most curious and surprising facts in nature. Why the needle should point toward the north, no man, even the most learned, can tell ; yet so it is, and it is a matter of the utmost importance to seamen.

You must bear in mind, that upon the ocean there are no roads, and no landmarks, by which the sailor can direct his course. The clouds often hide the sun, the moon, and the stars ; and all around, nothing is to be seen, but a uniform waste of waters.

Under such circumstances, it is impossible to

What is the use of the mariner's compass ? What is the needle ?

tell which way is north, or south, or east, or west, except by the compass. This little instrument never forgets, and is never uncertain. By night or day, whether the sun and the stars are visible or not, it still points to the north.

What an invaluable companion is this to the lonely sailors upon the deep ! What a wonderful dispensation of Providence is it, that he should have furnished to man this intelligent little friend, to guide him where human wisdom could be of no avail !

Were it not for this instrument, ships could never, in safety, venture from the shore ; the wide oceans could never be traversed by man ; and large portions of the deep would lie forever untravelled, unknown, and useless. Nations, which are now in habits of constant intercourse, would remain almost entirely separated.

Commerce, which is now carried on throughout all parts of the globe, could not exist, but in a very limited degree. We could never get the teas from China, spices from the Asiatic isl-

ands, indigo from Calcutta, carpets from Turkey, and the thousand articles of merchandise sent to us from Europe.

Before the mariner's compass was invented, ships always used to keep close to the shore. It is very probable, if it had not been, that America would have remained, to this day, a wilderness, only inhabited by savages.



CHAPTER VI.

Parley tells about various Kinds of Vessels.

I MUST now tell you about various kinds of vessels. The picture at the beginning of this book, represents a ship. A ship has always three masts. Ships are of various kinds. Some, that are engaged in carrying merchandise from one country to another, are called merchant ships. Those that go to China and India are generally very large. Some of them will carry a burthen of 600 tons.



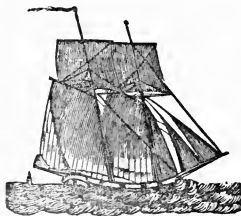
Here is a picture of a frigate. A frigate is a ship of war. You observe along the side of the ship some rows of holes. These are called port-holes. They are places through which the cannon are pointed, when fired at other vessels.



A brig has only two masts ; but it is square

What is a frigate ? What are the port holes ?

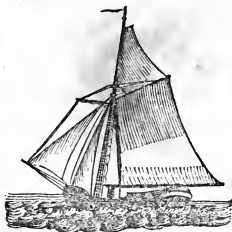
rigged, like a ship ; that is, it has spars running across the masts, like a ship. Brigs are smaller than ships, and they do not often go on very long voyages. They are generally used in the trade with Charleston, the West Indies, New Orleans, and various ports along the American seaboard. Sometimes they go to Europe.



Here is a schooner. It has two masts ; but you observe it is not square rigged, like the brig. Schooners are of various sizes ; sometimes they are very small, and sometimes they are as large as brigs. They sail fast, and are employed gen-

Describe a brig. What are brigs used for ? What is a schooner ?

erally in short voyages, and for carrying on trade with places not very far distant.



This is a sloop. It has but one mast. Sloops are employed in carrying on trade between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Portland, and other places along the seaboard.

CHAPTER VII.

Story of a Cabin Boy.

I AM now going to tell you the story of a cabin boy. His name was George Gordon. His

In what are sloops employed ?

mother was a widow, who lived at Marblehead in Massachusetts. George was her only child. His father, who was a sailor, had not been heard of for several years. He sailed from Boston for South America, and that was the last that was ever known of him.

Mrs. Gordon was a poor woman, but she was very industrious, and, with a little help from some kind neighbors, she got along pretty well. She lived in a little brown house, but she kept it very neat and clean, so that it was quite comfortable.

She contrived to send George to school ; and, although he was more fond of play than books, yet he learned to read and write. At length, he was fifteen years old ; and then he was very anxious to go to sea. His mother was opposed to this, for she thought the life of a sailor to be a hard one ; and, besides, she was afraid that he would fall into bad company, and become thoughtless and wicked, like many other sailors. The fate of his father, too, had impressed her

mind with such a dread of the sea, that she shrank from the thought of intrusting her only child to the treacherous waves.

But George had been familiar with the water from childhood. He could manage a boat with the greatest dexterity. In catching fish with a hook and line, he was more expert than any other boy in the town. He loved the very dangers of the water; and, when an easterly storm heaved the surf upon the rocks, he delighted to be out in a little skiff, and hover like a sea-gull on the tops of the breaking billows.

His love for the sea became at length his ruling passion; and, as his mother withheld her consent, he resolved to leave her by stealth, and go abroad in a ship. Accordingly, one night, after his mother was gone to bed, he packed up his clothes, passed silently out of the door, and set off on foot for Boston.

It was sunrise when he arrived at the city. He immediately went down to one of the wharves, and offered himself as cabin boy to the

captain of a whale ship, that was just about to sail. The captain received him on board the vessel, and in a few hours they set off on their voyage.

They had a fair wind, and in a short time they were out to sea. George's plans had all succeeded to his mind; he had escaped from his mother, he had found a birth on board a ship, and he was now actually out upon the broad ocean, going in search of adventures.

For two days, he was quite happy. His business was to take care of the cabin, to keep it in good order, and attend to the personal wants of the captain. He found his situation an easy one, and he saw many things to please him. He was delighted with the sparkling of the sea at night; he would often sit upon the bow-sprit, and look at the waters that were heaped up before the bows of the vessel. These seemed sometimes to be a liquid mass of fire, so brilliant as to make it quite light for a considerable space around.

The second day after they left Boston, George saw a multitude of strange looking creatures all around the ship. They were quite black, and they looked like a parcel of hogs rolling along in the waves. George knew them to be porpoises; he had occasionally seen them before, but never in such numbers. There were more than a thousand of them, and they seemed to be all engaged in a frolic.

George was delighted with these creatures, and seemed to consider it all a very pleasant affair. But an old sailor, who was looking at the porpoises, shook his head, and said they should have foul weather to-morrow. George took little notice of this, for the weather was now extremely pleasant.

In a few hours, however, the prospects began to change. The sky became cloudy, and the sea began to roll in long, heavy waves. The captain had put on a thick over-coat, called a pea-jacket, and was very busy in ordering the men to put every part of the ship in complete

trim. He wore a look of some anxiety, and this seemed gradually to communicate itself to all on board the vessel.

The wind began now to blow in heavy gusts, and, as they fell upon the sails of the ship, she leaned over as if she would upset. Night was now approaching, and it was already beginning to be dark. At this moment, a little bird flew on board the ship, and, overcome by fatigue, fell upon the deck. George ran, picked it up, and carried it down into the cabin; but the little creature soon died.

This little bird was one of what the sailors call Mother Carey's chickens. These birds are never seen but out to sea; and, as they most frequently appear in stormy weather, the sailors consider them as forerunners of evil. In the present instance, they looked upon the little bird's coming on board the ship, as the sign of some melancholy event that was speedily to happen.

The sun went down, and, as the darkness set-

tled upon the waters, the howling tempest swept over the ocean with resistless fury. The rattling of the cordage, the creaking of the masts, the roar of the waters, the flapping of the sails, the groaning of the ship as she struggled with the waves, the cries of the captain and the mate to the sailors,—all these sounds came upon the ear of the cabin boy with a new and frightful meaning. He had never imagined a scene like this.

Afraid to be on deck, he went down into the cabin; but there he was uneasy, and again he went upon deck. All was darkness around, except that, here and there, the breaking of the waves gave a momentary view of their white and sparkling tops. Occasionally, too, a broad flash of lightning disclosed the tumbling waters to the sight. Then the thunder broke in, and, for an instant, the peal seemed to silence the uproar of the ship, and the clamor of the waves.

Overawed by the scene, George retired to his cabin, and crept into his berth. He wrapped his clothes about his head to keep out the lightning,

and he held his ears to exclude the thunder. But there was a feeling at his heart that he could not shut out. It whispered of his poor mother, and the folly and wickedness of her son, that had stolen from her roof, and left her to weep in solitude and sorrow. This feeling was far more bitter than fear, and, for a short time, the poor boy forgot the dangers of the storm, in his distress at the thoughts of his mother, and his own misconduct.

But at length he was roused from his reflections by a loud noise, and a sudden cry of the men on deck. He sprang from his berth, ran up the companion-way, and, as he came upon the deck, he discovered the occasion of what he had heard. The lightning had struck the vessel, and set it on fire. The flame had already extended itself nearly over the main sail, which, at the time, was the only sail spread.

The destruction of the ship seemed inevitable; and, for the moment, all on board gave themselves up for lost. But, the next instant, a

tremendous wave struck the side of the ship, and, passing over it, fell upon the main sail, and in an instant extinguished the flame.

The remainder of the night was spent in fear and anxiety. The waves repeatedly broke over the vessel, and several times it seemed that she would inevitably be overwhelmed. But Providence watched over its inmates, and, as the morning came, the tempest began to abate.

When the sun rose, the wind had quite subsided; the water, however, continued to roll, with a heavy swell, for several hours. But this ceased at length, and it gradually settled into a state of perfect rest. All around, the ocean seemed like a vast lake, whose surface was not disturbed by a breath of wind. The vessel sat on the water as motionless as a stone upon the land.

The sailors took advantage of the calm to repair the ship. At length the night came, and the moon shed its beautiful light upon the waves. The cabin boy, who now had, in some measure,

forgotten his sorrow, looked upon the scene with pleasing wonder. The whole ocean beneath the moon appeared like a broad bay of silver. The sailors seemed to forget the peril they had passed. One of them had a violin, on which he played some lively tunes; some of them danced, some of them sang songs, and they all seemed to be thoughtless and happy.

The next morning, a breeze sprang up, and the vessel proceeded on its voyage.



CHAPTER VIII.

Cabin Boy's Story continued. About the Cod Fisheries. Description of the Whale Fisheries.

IN the course of three or four days, the vessel reached the banks of Newfoundland. These are shallow places in the sea, where the cod fish come to feed. The fishermen resort to these places, and here they catch a great many cod

fish. One of these places is called the Green Bank, and the other the Grand Bank.

When they had reached the Grand Bank, George saw a number of small vessels, the people of which were engaged in fishing. Some of these vessels were from England, but most of them were from the United States. Although it was now the month of May, the weather was exceedingly cold, and the fishermen appeared to suffer very much.

They remain out here, a great way from the land, for two or three months. When the weather is tolerably calm, they come to anchor ; but storms and tempests are very frequent here, and, there being no harbors near, the poor sailors are obliged to remain out to sea.

Their life is indeed a very hard one. They suffer very much from cold ; they are often obliged, for many days and nights in succession,

What are the banks of Newfoundland? Describe the cod fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland.

to go without their sleep ; and sometimes their little vessels are swallowed up by the sea.

In catching cod fish, the fishermen use hooks and lines. Sometimes a man will catch a great many in a day, and sometimes the whole crew will fish all day without catching any. Part of the men are employed in catching the fish ; some are engaged in splitting them open, and salting them down in casks. When the vessel has a load, she either returns to the port from which she sailed, or goes to some other place, where the fish are taken out and dried upon bushes or rocks. They are then packed up and sent to market.

As the whale ship passed along by several of these fishing vessels, George had an opportunity of seeing the men on board. It appeared to him that nothing could be more dreary than their situation. Away from the land, surrounded only by the sea, the little vessels constantly rolling with the swell of the waters, beset by frequent gales, and long separated from their

homes, he felt that nothing could be more unpleasant than the life they led.

The whale ship continued on her voyage, but nothing remarkable happened for some time. At length they began to approach the seas in the vicinity of Greenland. They had already met with several icebergs, and, although it was now near the first of June, the air was exceedingly cold.

They soon arrived among a great number of icebergs, which nearly covered the water. Among these they at length discovered a whale. Immediately a boat was got out, and seven of the men entered it. They then rowed cautiously toward the monster. They could see his back just above the water. As the whale has very sharp ears and quick sight, they were obliged to be very careful.

Pretty soon the men in the boat had come close to the whale. At this moment, he spouted great columns of water into the air from two holes in his head. At the same instant, one of



Harpooning a Whale.

the men, standing in the fore part of the boat, plunged a harpoon into the whale just behind his head.

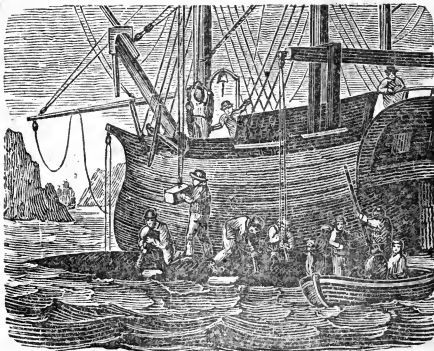
As soon as the whale felt the wound, he plunged beneath the water, making such a whirling of the waves, as nearly to swallow up the boat. The harpoon stuck fast in the whale's back. A long rope being fastened to it, the whale drew the rope out with prodigious swiftness. As the rope ran over the edge of the boat, the sailors were obliged to throw water upon the place, to prevent its taking fire by the violent rubbing.

Thus the whale continued to dart forward in the waters, pulling the rope after him. The boat was, also, pulled along with great rapidity, but the sailors were very careful to keep it straight, and not to let the rope get tangled, lest the boat should be upset. For some time, the whale kept under water; but at length he was obliged to come up to the top to breathe. The sailors saw him at a great distance, spout-

ing the water into the air. As they approached the spot, they saw that the waves were stained with blood, and by this they knew that the whale was severely wounded, and would soon die.

By and by, the fishermen perceived that the rope began to slacken, and at length it was drawn out no more. They pulled the rope, but felt no motion. They then knew that the whale was dead. In about half an hour, the huge creature rose to the top of the water, and lay floating upon the surface.

The whole of this animating scene had been witnessed by our little cabin boy. As soon as the boat left the ship, he mounted to the main round-top, and from that position he saw the whole. Although there was evidently great danger lest the fishermen should be overturned by the whale, when he was harpooned, and, afterwards, that the boat should be drawn under water by the rope, still there was something in the scene that delighted our young adventurer



Cutting up a Wha.e.

The idea of killing such a tremendous fish excited his imagination; and when he saw the huge monster dead, and floating on the water, he could not but wonder at the skill and courage of the fishermen, that had achieved so bold a deed.

The whale was now towed alongside of the ship, and the whole crew fell to cutting it up. Several of the men got upon the side of the whale, having sharp irons in their shoes to prevent their slipping off. They cut off the fat part, or the blubber, in pieces about three feet thick, and eight inches long. These pieces were drawn up the side of the vessel by a windlass. They were then put into tubs, in the hold of the ship.

After the fat was all taken off, they cut out what is called the whale-bone, with an axe. This consisted of a great many thin layers, three or four yards in length, and adhering to the upper jaw. I suppose you have often seen whale-bone. After it is cut into small rods, it is used

for the frames of umbrellas, for whip-stocks, and many other purposes.

After all was done, the immense carcass of the whale was left floating upon the sea ; and the vessel pursued its way in search of more whales.



CHAPTER IX.

The Fishermen meet with more Whales. They kill a young Whale, and afterwards kill the old One. Adventure with a White Bear. Description of the Greenlanders. How a Greenlander killed a Seal.

A FEW days after this, the fishermen came across another whale ; they approached it, and plunged the harpoon into it ; but it entered the soft and fleshy part of the fish, and did not stick fast. Consequently, the whale escaped. The next day they saw several whales ; but when the boatmen attempted to get near them, they suddenly disappeared in the water.

After sailing about among the icebergs for some time, the fishermen at length discovered a young whale. This they soon harpooned, and killed. The old one appeared to be in the greatest distress ; losing her fear in anxiety for her young one, she came so close to the boat, that one of the men plunged a harpoon into her side.

The whale then darted down into the waters, drawing the rope after it. The fishermen followed, as before, and in a few hours the whale was dead. The blubber was then taken off, and stowed away in the hold.

Some time now passed, and nothing remarkable happened ; but one day, being at no great distance from shore, the people saw a white bear on the ice. Some of the men left the vessel, and, taking with them some guns, harpoons, and two dogs that were on board the ship, they went toward the bear.

The creature was busily engaged in feeding upon the carcass of a whale, that had been left

by the fishermen. He was making a very hearty meal, and did not seem disposed to leave it. But when the men and dogs drew near, he ran off toward the land. The men fired some balls at him, and at length one of them hit him. He, however, continued to run along upon the ice.

At length he reached the shore ; and, the dogs being very near, he turned suddenly round, caught one of them, and crushed him to death in his fore-paw. By this time, the men came up. One of them put a harpoon towards him. This the animal seized in his mouth. At the same moment, one of the men shot him in the head, and he fell dead upon the spot.

This creature was of prodigious size ; he weighed at least 6 or 700 pounds ; and, when sitting upon his haunches, he was a good deal taller than a man.

After this adventure, the whale ship continued along the coast for some time. The fishermen frequently saw some of the Greenlanders, and one day the captain of the vessel paid a visit to

their huts. These were built of stone and turf, and were partly under ground.

The people were very short, and extremely ugly. They seemed to be very far from neat or clean in their habits; and the smell of putrid fish in their houses was such as to make the captain sick at his stomach. There was, indeed, nothing pleasing in these people, and he left them in disgust.

The Greenlanders subsist almost entirely upon seals. They are very expert in catching these animals. It is the greatest pride of a Greenlander to be a good seal-catcher. One day, as the ship was lying near the coast, the fishermen had a good opportunity of seeing a Greenlander engaged in his favorite occupation.

It was a stormy day, and the waves were running very high. There were, also, several tremendous icebergs in the vicinity. But, fearless of danger, the Greenlander came out upon the water, and waited patiently for a seal to appear. His canoe was very light, and covered over the

PARLEY'S TALES OF THE SEA.



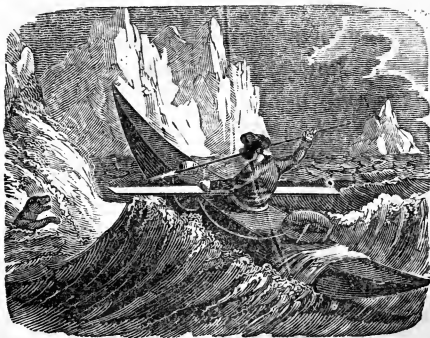
Sailors attacking a White Bear.

top by skins. In the centre was a hole, through which he sat down in the bottom of the boat.

He held in his right hand a light harpoon, to which a string was attached. At the end of this string was a seal-skin bag, blown up like a bladder. After sitting in his canoe for some time, where he was tossed and whirled about like a piece of cork, a seal lifted its head above the water, close to his canoe.

In an instant, the fisherman drew back his harpoon, and then hurled it at the seal with great skill and swiftness. It entered the flesh of the animal, which immediately plunged into the water, carrying with it the harpoon, the string, and the bladder attached to it. These were all drawn under water by the seal, and for some time they were out of view.

By and by, the Greenlander saw the bladder rise on the water, at some distance. He immediately paddled his canoe along to the spot, knowing that the seal was coming up there to



Greenlander harpooning a Seal.

breathe. As the animal appeared on the surface, he struck him with another harpoon. The creature descended a little way into the water ; but he was now exhausted ; and, in a few minutes, he rose on the surface, being quite dead. The Greenlander then fastened him with a string to the end of his canoe, and paddled with him to the shore.

CHAPTER X.

Story of the Cabin Boy continued. Dangerous Accident Capture of the Whale Ship. She is taken to England, where the Crew remain for two Years. George Gordon at length returns to Boston. He goes to Marblehead. The melancholy Fate of his Mother. End of the Cabin Boy's Story.

AFTER this, the whale ship left the coast, and went in search of more whales. One day, the sailors saw one of these creatures, apparently asleep upon the water. They approached him

very cautiously, and one of the men struck the harpoon into his side. The huge monster immediately lifted his tail out of the water, and then brought it down again with the utmost violence.

In descending, it struck the end of the boat, in which there were three or four men. Such was the force of the blow, that the boat was thrown at least twenty feet into the air; and then it came down bottom upwards. The men were all thrown out, except one, who went up with the boat, and, when it came down, was caught under it. They would all have been drowned, had not another boat come immediately to their assistance.

I can hardly tell you all that happened to the whale ship, in these northern seas. After staying there for three or four months, and having obtained a large quantity of blubber, the captain set out to return.

Our cabin boy had been greatly delighted with all he had seen; but, now that he was about to

return to his own country, the thoughts of his mother crowded upon his mind. Although he knew that he deserved her reproaches, yet he was anxious to see her ; he longed to confess his fault, to obtain her forgiveness, and, in some way, to atone for the pain he had given her.

For a considerable time, in sailing back toward Boston, the vessel had head winds, which obliged her to run off to the eastward, for a great distance. But at length they came within a few hundred miles of Boston. The sailors were all looking forward to the pleasure of soon being on the land, and George was indulging the hope of speedily seeing his mother, when an event occurred, which turned all their bright expectations into disappointment.

They were sailing along with a fair wind, when they perceived a large ship coming towards them. The captain soon discovered that this was an English man-of-war. He, however, felt no alarm, for he supposed that the captain only wished to speak to him.

But when the British ship came near, she fired a cannon, the shot of which passed through the rigging of the whale-ship, and went glancing upon the waters, to a great distance. The captain of the man-of-war then ordered the captain of the whale-ship to pull down his flag.

This led to some explanation, and the captain of the whale-ship learnt, to his astonishment, that war had been declared by the United States against England, in his absence. He, therefore, made no resistance, but gave up his vessel to the English captain.

The whale-ship, being taken possession of by the British sailors, immediately set out for England, having on board all the Americans, and George Gordon among the rest. I cannot tell you the whole of their story. It is sufficient to say, that they were all taken to England; and there they remained, unable to get back to their own country, for more than two years. But at length they all returned but one, who died in England.

After an absence of three years, our cabin

boy at length reached Boston. He had not heard a word from his mother since his departure. Full of anxiety, he immediately set out on foot for Marblehead. It was evening when he reached the house where his mother used to live.

With a beating heart he approached the door, and discovered that there was no light within. He knocked, but no answer was returned. He put his hand against the door, and it fell to the ground from decay. He looked into the house, and all was in ruins. The roof had partly fallen in, the plastering was broken, and the chimney was thrown down.

In an agony of distress, he went to a neighbor's house, and inquired for his mother. The people stared in his face ; and it was long before they could recognise him. When they discovered that it was George Gordon, an old man offered to take him to his mother. They set out together, and in a short time they arrived at the village poor-house.

There, in a distant apartment, on a miserable bed, lay the mother of the cabin boy. She was evidently very near her end. Distress, anxiety and mourning on account of her boy, had wasted her strength, until at length she was unable to procure her subsistence by her own labor. For a time, she was supported by the charity of the neighbors; but, finally, she was obliged to accept of maintenance from the town. She was taken to the poor-house, and there, for several months, she had lingered out the remainder of a sad existence.

At this moment her son arrived; she appeared to have closed her eyes forever. When he spoke to her, she opened them for a short time. She looked in his face, and she evidently knew him; but her lip was sealed, and she could not speak. Yet there was a smile on her countenance, and a gentleness in her eye, which seemed to say, "My dear boy, I forgive you all." She then closed her eyes, and her heart ceased beating for ever.

I need not tell my little reader of the suffering of poor George Gordon. He saw that his misconduct had occasioned the death of a kind and gentle parent. He was now alone in the world, with the bitter reflection, that disobedience had rendered him so. For a long time, he would not be comforted; but he looked to Heaven for forgiveness, and resolved that, in future, truth and duty should be his only guides. A happier feeling followed this repentance, and he afterwards became a useful and respectable man.

CHAPTER XI.

Story of Leo and the Pirates.

HAVING finished my story of the cabin boy, I will now tell you another story. I suppose you recollect Leo, the Italian robber, of whom I

have told you, in my Tales about Europe and Africa. The last time I saw him was at Derne. He accompanied General Eaton's expedition to that place, and assisted in its capture. When I set out for Malta, I parted with him, and never saw him again. But I have been able to collect his subsequent adventures, and these I am now going to relate.

Soon after I departed from Derne, Leo returned to Egypt, and again joined the Mamelukes. I have before described these remarkable troops. They were the most expert horsemen, perhaps, in the world. They used to perform various exercises with the spear : in these Leo surpassed them all. He was indeed a man of wonderful activity, and seemed to excel in every thing that required quickness and dexterity. Withal, he was a man of undaunted courage, and never shrunk, through fear, from any undertaking which his interests suggested.

But not long after Leo's return to Egypt, the Pacha found it necessary to expel these Mame-



Mamelukes exercising with a Spear.

lukes from his country. Some of them went to Turkey, some to the interior of Africa, and others distributed themselves throughout various parts of Europe and Asia.

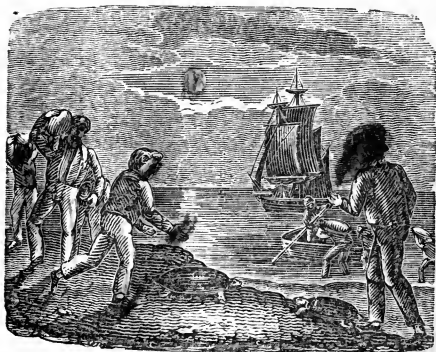
Leo, who had always a fancy for the sea, went to Tunis, and there, for near two years, was engaged in some piratical expeditions against the vessels belonging to Christian nations. In this way he amassed a large sum of money. He was about to leave the country, and take it with him, when he privately learnt that the Bashaw, in order to get his property, was preparing to have him assassinated. He, therefore, suddenly left Tunis, and went to Spain. Being destitute of money, he entered on board a ship bound for Mexico, as a common sailor.

The ship set sail in a few days. No sooner was she at sea, than Leo proposed to some of the sailors to mutiny against the captain, and take possession of the ship. He soon brought most of them into the scheme ; and it was agreed, that the first favorable opportunity

should be embraced, for carrying it into effect. But the vessel arrived in the vicinity of the West Indies, before it was thought expedient to undertake the execution of the plot. One day, the ship having arrived near a rocky island, the people saw, on one of them, several large sea turtles. In the evening, a boat was fitted out, and some of the men went on shore to catch them.

There were a great abundance of them here, and the boat was soon loaded with them. Leo remained on board the ship; and it was his intention, while the men were on shore, to take possession of the vessel, by the aid of several sailors, who had remained with him. But the captain had been apprized of the scheme; and, while the men were absent, Leo was seized; his hands were bound, and, after the boat returned to the ship, he was sent on shore; and there he was left.

The vessel soon set sail, and Leo remained alone on the island. When he was carried



Catching Sea Turtles.

there, it was night. He had no shelter, and could find nothing to make a bed of. So he sat down upon one of the rocks ; and there he remained till morning.

When the sun was up, he began to look around, and take a survey of his condition. The island was a mere mass of rocks and sandbanks, of scarce half a mile in circuit. There were no trees, and only a few plants, growing upon it. There was no human habitation there, and no living things frequented the spot, except birds and the sea turtles that occasionally came on shore.

The captain had left nothing for Leo to eat, nor to shelter himself with ; nor had he allowed him any thing, by which he might obtain subsistence.

But Leo was a stout-hearted man, and felt no fear. When he was hungry, he caught one of the sea turtles, and, by throwing it down forcibly on the rocks, broke the shell, and obtained some of the meat. He then rubbed two little

sticks together, and set some dry sea-weed on fire. With this he cooked a part of the turtle, and made a very good meal. He then went round the island; and, while he was clambering among the rocks, he found abundance of sea-bird's eggs, some of which he ate.

At length he came to a place where the rocks were heaped up very high. By and by, he perceived a hole in the rocks, close down to the edge of the water. He had the curiosity to enter this hole; and there he discovered a large cavern. The mouth of the cavern was so low, that he was obliged to crawl in on his hands and knees; but, when he got in, he stood upright, and found the place as large as a chamber.

On going to one side of the cave, he found an entrance to another cave, still farther in. This he entered; and, by a little light that shone through a crevice in the rocks above, he perceived that it was as large as the interior of a small church. To his great surprise, he found here a large number of muskets, pistols, and

other articles. In one place, he found twenty small bags, full of dollars. There was, also, a box, which was full of silver and gold plate, of great value.

Leo could, at first, hardly believe his senses. He imagined, for a moment, that he must be dreaming, and that the cave, and the heaps of silver and gold, were all the creations of his fancy. But he soon satisfied himself that it was reality; and he had no great difficulty in accounting for all that he saw. He knew that, by chance, he had discovered the retreat of some pirates, who made this secret spot, in the rocks, the store-house of their plunder.

Leo immediately began to reflect upon what it was best for him to do. After revolving various schemes in his mind, he determined to join the pirates, the first opportunity, and become one of their number. He supposed they would soon come to the spot, and then he determined to make himself known to them.

As he well knew the character of these despe-

rate men, he feared that, in the first moment of discovery, before he had time to disclose his views, he should be shot, or cut down with their sabres. To prevent this, was a matter which required some ingenuity, as well as great firmness.

He resolved to arm himself well, and remain in the cave, till the pirates should assemble there. He then got a large cask of powder, put the muzzle of a loaded musket into it, and placed it near the spot where he intended to stand. His determination was, to set the whole keg of powder on fire, and destroy every individual in the cave by its explosion, rather than suffer the pirates to do him any personal injury.

Having made his preparations, he lay down to sleep, knowing that the pirates would not come till night. At night, he sat down upon a rock, near the mouth of the cave, expecting ere long to see a boat or vessel approach the island. But he was disappointed. The moon shone so brightly, that it seemed almost like day. The weather was warm and delightful, and the water was

as tranquil and peaceful as if all the winds were asleep.

Morning at length came ; and another day and another night passed away, and the expected pirates did not come. Still Leo felt no impatience ; he knew that they would appear soon or late ; and he was of such a calm temper, that, under all circumstances, he submitted to events without uneasiness or anxiety.

A fortnight had now gone by since Leo's arrival, and not a vessel had been seen to approach the island. The weather had been uncommonly fine, and the moon had shone with a beauty and splendor, even superior to what Leo had ever seen in Italy. But one night, as the sun went down, there were symptoms of a coming tempest. There was now no moon, and, as the clouds gathered over the sky, the darkness became intense. The wind began soon to blow, and the rain fell in torrents.

Heaped up by the hurricane, the waters now burst upon the rocks of the island with awful vi-

olence. The sheets of water were carried entirely across the island, reaching over the highest rocks, and wrapping the whole in a sheet of foam.

Leo, however, continued to sit on the rock, at the mouth of the cave, which, from its situation, was sheltered, in some measure, from the surf. He thought it probable that the pirates would select this occasion to visit the cave; nor was he disappointed. About midnight, a single flash of lightning broke through the gloom, and displayed to his view the wide ocean, agitated by the tempest. Between the billows, at a considerable distance, he distinctly saw the masts of a schooner coming toward the island.

Several flashes of lightning now followed in rapid succession, and such thunder as Leo never had heard before. The wind blew, too, with a force that surpassed all that he had ever witnessed. The whole ocean was literally covered with foam; and the incessant lightning threw over the scene an aspect of the most terrific grandeur.

But, amid this war of nature, Leo, still intent upon the object that engaged his thoughts, sat calmly on the rock, every moment expecting to see a boat approach the shore. In a short time, he saw a large barge, with about a dozen men in it, lifted upon the top of a wave ; and then it sank instantly from his view. It was very near to the shore ; and he knew the men in it would land in a few minutes.

He now crept hastily into the inner cave, set the keg of powder before him, and, placing his body behind an angle in the rock, he stood coolly waiting for the appearance of the pirates.

In about half an hour, he heard voices, and very soon about a dozen men entered the inner cave. They immediately lighted a lamp, and pretty soon all but two sat down near the centre of the apartment.

Leo, himself unobserved, had a good opportunity of studying the countenances of the men. The light of the lamp shone full on their faces, and displayed their harsh and weather-beaten

features fully to his view. Two of the men he recognised as his old associates in the mountains of Italy. Three of them he discovered, by their language, to be Spaniards, one an Englishman, and two of them Frenchmen. Of the rest he could form no opinion.

The leader of the gang particularly attracted his observation. He was a small man, with black curly hair, black sparkling eyes, and small but regular and handsome features. His hands and feet were remarkably small, and his dress exhibited some gentlemanly taste and elegance. The rest had all an appearance of vulgarity, mingled with traits of savage ferocity and brutal courage.

In a little while, they were all seated on the ground, in the centre of the cave, and began to eat some victuals, which they had brought with them. At this moment, by a slight motion, Leo struck one of his pistols against the side of the rock. The sound was distinctly heard by every one of the pirates. Before the other men

had time to get up, the leader, with inconceivable quickness, had sprung to his feet, drawn his pistol from his side, and presented it in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

Leo attempted no longer to conceal himself. He stepped a little forward, and spoke in a voice of thunder—"Stop! Listen to me! You see this open keg of powder. I have my hand on the trigger of this musket; if one of you stirs a muscle, every individual here shall that moment perish. I have but a word to say—I am Leo of the Alps. Receive me among your fraternity, and I am content. Refuse, and your flesh and bones shall instantly be plastered over these walls!"

The leader of the pirates betrayed no symptom of fear or astonishment. Holding his pistol aimed at the heart of Leo, he waited till he had uttered the preceding words. He then threw his pistol on the ground, and walked up to him, offering him his hand. "I am glad to see you," said he; "I have heard your name; and there

are two men here, who have done ample justice to your renown as a Robber. I hope you will make as good a Rover."

Leo was now heartily received by the pirates. They had all heard of him; and each felt himself stronger, now that one so formidable was added to their number.

CHAPTER XII.

Leo's Story concluded.

THE leader of the pirates, whose name was Antonio, now took Leo aside, and told him his story, and that of the men who were associated with him. He gave him an account of the manner in which the gold and silver in the cave had been obtained.

After this, Leo informed Antonio how he came to be on the island. The latter then com-

municated his future plans to Leo. He said that there was at Havana a large British vessel, having on board a great sum of money. He expected that she would sail in a few days. It was his intention to lie in wait for her, and take her, if possible. Leo approved of the scheme; and, after some further conversation, he and Antonio sat down with the rest of the pirates, and ate some of the food.

Antonio, having deposited in the cave a considerable sum of money, which was the object of his present visit, the whole company departed, and entered the boat. The storm was still raging; but these men were skilful and fearless, and they set forth upon the tide. After rowing for a considerable time, they came in sight of the schooner, which was lying to for them.

With some difficulty, they all got on board. Leo, who was himself an expert seaman, was astonished at the skill of the men, in managing their boat and their vessel. A common ship would have been entirely at the mercy of the sea,

in a gale like that which was then blowing. But the pirates seemed to be as much at home, as if they were upon the land. Their little schooner was perfectly under their command; and she hovered as lightly over the foaming waters, as if she were a sea-gull.

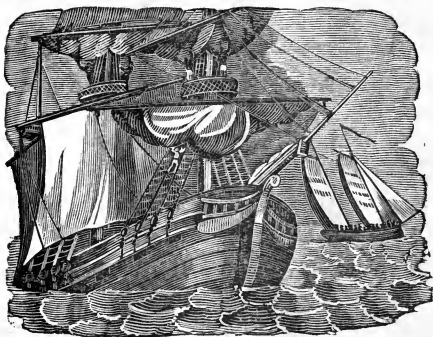
I cannot give you all the details respecting these desperate men. After sailing back and forth for about a fortnight, they at length saw the British ship, which Antonio said he had expected. They immediately gave chase; and, although the captain of the merchant-ship exerted himself to escape, yet, in less than two hours, the little schooner was close along side of the ship.

There were about fifty of the pirates; they were all armed with pistols and cutlasses, and many of them had pikes. On board the merchant-ship, there were about twenty men. These determined to make resistance; but it was all in vain. The pirates rushed on board; and, after a short struggle, the captain and his men were overpowered, and the ship was taken.

Antonio now commanded the captain to surrender his money. This consisted of near 100,000 dollars, in silver and gold. It was all taken on board the schooner, with several other articles. Antonio then drew Leo aside, and they had a short conversation together.

When this was done, some of the pirates were commanded by Antonio to scuttle the ship. This was performed, by boring several large holes in the bottom. The water began to rush in with the greatest violence, and it was obvious the vessel would sink in a short time. The pirates then all got on board the schooner, leaving the ship, and the English sailors, with the captain, to their fate.

The schooner now got under weigh. The English captain saw that no human arm could avert the fate, which awaited him and his men. The pirates had taken care to destroy the boat, and nothing was left for them, but to perish. The vessel gradually sank in the waters. The men climbed up the masts, as the hulk descended; but this only lengthened the period of exist-



The Ship sinking.

ence for a few moments. The masts were soon drawn down ; and the seamen, after a few struggles to keep on the surface of the water, gradually lost their strength, and sank down into the bosom of the deep.

The schemes of the pirates had now succeeded to their utmost wishes. In the moment of success, they felt no remorse for the cruelty they had committed. But actions like these are never done in secret. There is no island so secluded, no portion of the sea so remote, as to escape the watchful observance of the Deity. A wicked action committed on the lonely waters, though unwitnessed by any human eye, is yet done in the open view of Heaven.

But the pirates thought not of these things. Yet their fate was fast approaching. In about six hours after they left the ship, another vessel came in view. This, also, was a British vessel ; but it was a man-of-war. Antonio, with his spy-glass, looked at the vessel, and immediately knew its character. He, therefore, commanded the

schooner to be put about, and to make all possible speed. Every sail was hoisted, and other sails, not commonly used, were also spread.

But the commander of the British ship had discovered the piratical schooner; and, spreading all his sails, he gave chase. There was a brisk wind, and the two vessels flew over the waters with great swiftness. For a considerable time, they seemed to keep about the same distance from each other; but at length Antonio observed that the British ship was gradually gaining upon them.

He used every device he was master of, to increase the speed of the schooner; but the British captain was equally vigilant. For fourteen hours, he continued the chase. It was now midnight; but the moon was shining with uncommon brightness. He was within a short distance of the schooner; and he ordered one of his most expert gunners to take a careful aim, and discharge one of the cannon at the pirate vessel.

This was done ; and the ball cut away one of the masts of the schooner. This instantly interrupted her progress. Antonio, finding it impossible to escape by flight, declared his intention of waiting till the British vessel came near. He then determined, with his men, to make the best and bravest resistance in their power. The ship now came alongside the schooner, and discharged several cannon. The balls entered the hull of the schooner, near the water, and she immediately began to fill ; but, still undaunted, the pirates returned the fire of the ship, and refused to surrender.

For several minutes, the two vessels were engaged in close conflict. They came side by side ; and the pirates, with invincible bravery, attempted to ascend the sides of the ship, and carry it by assault. Four times they were driven back. They seized upon the bayonets of the British sailors with their hands ; and, with a fury only equalled by the lion or the tiger, they rushed again and again upon their foes.

But, at length, nearly half of them were killed, and the remainder were finally driven back. The schooner had now sunk to the water's edge. Leo and Antonio, however, stood upon the deck; and, although wounded in twenty places, they bade defiance to the conquerors. While the shout was yet on their lips, the vessel went down, with a sudden plunge. Thus, with hands dyed in blood, and their souls stained with murder, they entered into the presence of their God.

This is a painful story; and I tell it to you with sorrow. Leo had many good qualities; he was brave, patient, and enterprising. He was, also, grateful. I once saved his life, and he twice saved mine. But all this only shows, that a very bad man may have some good traits of character. I have told you his story, that you may see how a life of crime leads to an awful death.

These pirates, of which I have told you, were once all children, like yourselves. They were then innocent and happy; but they gradually be-

came wicked, and finally came to their dreadful end, as I have told you.

My dear little reader, let me tell you, that the true way to be happy is to be good. If you ever do wrong, be assured the time will come, soon or late, when you will have reason to lament it. Listen, therefore, to your old friend, Peter Parley. Always speak the truth; obey your parents; shun bad company; and pray God to keep you from all evil ways.



CHAPTER XIII.

Adventures of James Jenki.

IN my stories about the islands in the Pacific Ocean, I have told you how we parted with James Jenkins, on the western coast of America. You will recollect that he, with another sailor, was coming to our ship in a boat, when a storm

arose, and night set in, and we saw them no more. We supposed them drowned ; and, during my long voyage in the Pacific, I mourned over the loss of my friend, having no doubt that he was dead.

After my return, I lived at Boston, and determined to go to sea no more. I was, indeed, almost too old ; and, besides, the unhappy result of my last voyage had given me a dread of the sea. I had, therefore, become a landsman, and lived in a small house down at the North End.

I was sitting by the fire, one day, when a sailor, whom I had never seen before, entered my house. Having inquired my name, he then proceeded to tell me the following story :—

“ I was a sailor on board a whaling ship, bound to the northern parts of the Pacific Ocean. We were on the western coast of America ; when, having occasion for wood and water, we anchored near the shore, for the purpose of obtaining supplies. I was sent, with several men, in a boat, to the land.

“While we were engaged in cutting down some trees, we saw, at a considerable distance, two men running toward us, pursued by as many as fifty Indians. As we had left our arms in the boat, we immediately ran, jumped into it, and put off from the shore. The two persons soon came to the shore; and one of them jumped into the water, and began to swim toward us. The other was seized by the Indians on the beach, as he was in the very act of jumping into the water also. .

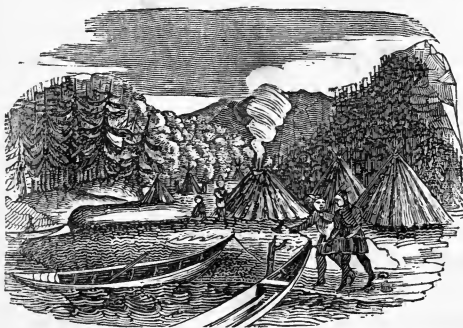
“The man who was in the water, seeing that his companion was taken by the Indians, immediately swam back to the shore; and, seizing a large stone, he hurled it at the Indian, who held his companion, with such force as to knock him down upon the sand. The next instant, the two men jumped into the water, and swam toward the boat. We rowed toward them; and, at the same time, the men on board the boat fired one or two shots among the Indians. They, however, discharged a shower of arrows at the men in the water.

“We soon took the two individuals on board. One of them, whose name was Jenkins, had no less than four arrows sticking in him, when we took him into the boat. One of these had passed entirely through the fleshy part of his arm.

“The two men now told us their story. They said they had belonged to the ship *Beaver*, of Boston, which had come to this shore on a trading voyage ; but they had been separated from her in a gale of wind at night, as they were going to her from the shore, in an open boat. The vessel, they informed us, had gone to sea, while they were driven back to the shore, and their boat was dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

“They fell into the hands of the Indians, who had kept them in captivity for eight months. Seeing our boat approach the land, they started from the Indians, and, by running with all their strength, they had escaped, in the manner we had seen.

“We now went with our boat to the vessel ; and the two men were received and kindly treat-



Huts of the Natives, among whom Jenkins was captive

ed by the captain. They had worn out their clothes, and were dressed in the skins of wild animals. The captain gave them some new clothes, and they became sailors on board our vessel.

“I afterwards became very well acquainted with Jenkins. I liked him very much. He had had a great many adventures, and he told me about them all. He told me a great many things about the Indians, among whom he had been living. He said that the most of them had their heads flattened, in a very curious manner, by placing them between boards, when they were children. They lived in low houses, partly under ground. Their chief food was fish ; and if it smelt badly, they loved it so much the better.

“In a few days, our vessel started, and proceeded on her voyage. We went far to the north, and at length came near to Behring's Straits. The sea was here nearly covered with immense islands of ice ; but we pretty soon began to find whales, and, in a short time, we caught several of them.

“We had a method of harpooning whales, which, I believe, is not very common. Instead of throwing the harpoon from the hand, we used to shoot it into the whale, from a small cannon.

“After we had taken several whales, and obtained a large quantity of blubber, we then went to the land, and melted it down, and put the oil into casks, of which we carried a large number for the purpose.

“Having done this, we again set out to catch more whales. We continued in this business about eighteen months. In summer, we went far to the north, and several times entered Behring's Straits. We crossed quite over to the opposite continent; and, in one instance, we touched at Kamschatka. I have never seen any thing so wonderful as the mountains there. They rise up suddenly from the plain, to a height of more than three miles. Their tops are always covered with ice and snow; but they are volcanoes; and several of them, by night and day, constantly send forth great volumes of fire and smoke.



Harpooning a Whale, by shooting from a small Cannon.

“As we were sailing upon the water, at night, these fires had a very grand appearance. They seemed to be in the sky ; and their red light, being shed upon the mountains, gave to them a very sublime appearance.

“I went ashore, for a short time, at Kamschatka, and there I saw some of the people, and observed their mode of life. Their country being very cold, they cover themselves with furs. They have sleds drawn along by dogs. They have houses covered with turf, but without chimneys. They make a fire in the middle, and the smoke goes out of a hole at the top. The houses for winter are made partly under ground. Those for summer are raised upon high stakes.

“After we had been about a year and a half engaged in the fisheries, our vessel set out to return. Our voyage was attended with nothing remarkable, till we had doubled Cape Horn, and we were in the latitude of Buenos Ayres. We met with a gale of wind, which carried away two of our masts. To repair the damage done to

our vessel, we were obliged to put into a port, near Buenos Ayres.

“While we were there, a brig arrived at that place, which was going on a sealing voyage. The mate had died on his passage, and the captain of the brig offered the place to Jenkins. This he accepted; and, with the consent of our captain, I also shipped on board the brig.

“We soon set sail, and went to the Falkland Isles, which lie several hundred miles to the east of Patagonia. These islands are very barren and dreary. The weather is very cold, and nothing grows upon them but coarse grass. They are very rocky and mountainous, and no people live there. We found a good many seals along the shore, which came out from the water to feed.

“We used to lie concealed, and then rush upon the seals, and kill them with clubs. Some of these seals are quite large, and one of them was a good match for a man. When beset, they would fight desperately. We had a good many

smart battles with them. Three or four of the men were considerably wounded by their teeth.

“We once found a large cave, where the seals used to go at night. Several of us entered this cave with torches; and, I believe, we killed as many as thirty of them, at one time. I found it the best way to strike these creatures on the nose. A slight blow, on that part, was sure to kill them.

“After we had got all the seals we could, at the Falkland Isles, we went to the South Georgian Isles. Here the land was almost constantly covered with snow and ice. Nothing can be more dreary than these places. There are no trees upon the land; no people can live there. There are no animals, and only a few solitary birds. But we found a good many seals; and here we remained three or four weeks.

“We then went farther south, and came to some more islands, whose names I do not know. It was quite as cold here as at Behring's Straits; great mountains of ice were floating in the wa-



Killing Seals in a Cave.

ter, and several times we came very near being wrecked upon them.

“At length, having obtained a large number of seal skins, and a considerable quantity of seal oil, we set out to return. We had a good voyage, and soon arrived in the latitude of the West Indies. Here we had a dead calm for several days. The water was as smooth as a looking glass.

“It was very warm, and several of the men went in to bathe. Among the rest was Jenkins. While he was swimming about, some of the men who were in the boat saw a shark, near the surface of the water, pursuing him. They called out to him, and he swam, with all his might, towards the boat. He had just reached it, and they were pulling him in, when the shark seized one of his legs, and bit it off close to his body.

“He was taken on board the vessel; every thing was done for him that could be done. The poor fellow bled very much, and he grew



Jenkins and the Shark.

very faint. He saw that he could live but a very short time. He beckoned to me, and I sat down by him. He could not speak loud, but he told me his last wishes.

“‘Go,’ said he, ‘to my friend, Peter Parley. If my good old mother is living, let her have what little property I have in the vessel, with my share in the cargo. Would to God I could see the old woman once more ! I wish she could be here to pray for me ; but perhaps she is not living. It is two years since I have seen her. If she is not living, tell Parley to take the property himself. And now, my friend, God bless you. I have but a few minutes to live, and I wish to ask forgiveness of Heaven for all my sins.’

“The poor fellow then closed his eyes, and seemed to be absorbed in prayer for some time. He was then taken with convulsions, and, in a short time, died. He was a brave fellow, and I loved him with all my heart.”

Such was the story that the sailor told me.

As he closed it, the tears ran down his rough cheeks, which he wiped away with his hand, as if ashamed of them. I need hardly tell you that my own tears flowed with his. Jenkins, though a sailor, was a good man. He was very honest, and used to give all the money he earned to his mother. He was my best friend, and his sad death grieved me to the heart.

His mother, who was a very old woman, was dead ; and, as he had no other relative living, I took the property, which amounted to about 500 dollars. This little sum has been a great comfort to me in my old age ; and, with the little I receive from the sale of my books, I get along very well. If I have had misfortunes in life, I have also enjoyed many blessings. I hope I may never murmur at the one, and never cease to be thankful for the other.

CHAPTER XIV.

Parley tells about Pearl Divers, and Captain Blunt.

I SUPPOSE my little readers are now weary of tales of sharks and pirates. I will, therefore, tell them some stories that may please them better. I suppose you have all seen pearls. They are beautiful little white, shining balls, some of them as big as a pea, and some not bigger than mustard seed. They are used for various ornaments, and the ladies admire them very much. Sometimes they are set in earrings, necklaces, and other things of the kind.

Now, where do you think these pearls are found? That is what I am going to tell you. They are found inside of oysters and muscles. I do not mean such oysters as we have, but a larger kind. Some of these pearls are very costly. The little ones are worth but a few cents apiece. But there are some pearls so large and beautiful, as to sell for 1000 dollars apiece.

What are pearls? What are they used for? Where do they grow?

Now, these things, which we prize so highly, grow on the inside of oysters and muscles, as I have told you. They are occasioned by some disease ; and I suppose they are as troublesome to the fish that live in the shells, as warts and biles are to mankind.

When they get to be quite large, they become disagreeable ; and the fish vomit them out, and thus get rid of them.

Pearls are found in various countries. A good many are found in Scotland ; some in Italy ; some on the coast of Peru ; some in the Red Sea ; some on the eastern coast of Africa, and in various parts of Asia. But the most costly pearls are found in Japan and Ceylon. It is from the latter country that most of the fine pearls are brought.

The manner of taking pearls is very curious. I have heard Captain Richard Blunt, who has been at Ceylon, tell all about it. I will now tell it to you, as he described it to me.

The pearl oysters are about as large as a middling-sized plate. They live in deep water, and attach themselves to the rocks along the shore, so that they may not be carried away by the tide. Like other oysters, they can move about a little; but they generally stick to one spot for a long time.

Well, about February, the pearl fishers resort to some place, where it is known there are plenty of these oysters. Captain Blunt, when he was at the island of Ceylon, saw 250 boats engaged, at one time, at one of these fishing places. Some of these barks had two divers, and some but one.

You will understand that the oysters are down deep in the water. Some of them are sixty feet below the surface. Now, it is necessary for the pearl divers to descend into the water, detach them from the rocks, and bring them up.

Where do the pearl oysters live? What can you tell about them? How many boats did Captain Blunt see at a time, at one of the pearl fisheries?

To prepare himself for this business, a diver ties to the under part of his body a large stone. This is for the purpose of keeping him steady in the water. He also ties another stone to one foot, for the purpose of making him sink quickly to the bottom.

His hands are covered with leather mittens, so that the oysters may not cut his fingers. He is provided with a net-work bag, to put his oysters in; and a rope is tied to his neck, one end of which is fastened to the boat. Thus equipped, the fearless diver jumps into the water.

Down he goes to the bottom. As he has no time to lose, he runs about, as fast as he can; he seizes upon every oyster he finds, and puts it in his bag. He is obliged to hold his breath all the time. But these divers get the art of remaining under water for two or three minutes. Some of them remain even five minutes.

When the diver has held his breath as long as

How does a pearl diver prepare himself to descend into the water?
How long is a pearl diver able to remain under water?

he can, he shakes the rope, and the man who is in the boat pulls him up, with his load of oysters. Generally, a man will get 50 oysters each time. Sometimes he will get 100, and even 2 or 300, at a time.

You must not suppose, however, that all these are as large as a plate ; some of them are much smaller. An expert pearl diver will make forty or fifty plunges in a day ; so that the number of oysters one man will take in a day, is very great. Sometimes these men stuff their noses and ears, to exclude the water ; but, generally, they take no such precaution.

There are a good many sharks along the shores where the pearl oysters are taken. Sometimes they catch the pearl divers, and devour them. These men are, therefore, very much afraid of sharks. If a diver sees one of these dreadful fish, he communicates the fact to the other divers, and they will not go into the water again that day.

When Captain Blunt was at the fishery, one of the divers came up, and said that he had seen a tremendous great shark below. The others all heard of it, and came out of the water. But some of them began to suspect that the man had not seen a shark. They thought he had been deceived, and had taken a long, projecting rock for a shark.

At length, one of the men went down into the water ; and there he found the dreaded monster to be nothing but a long, sharp stone, sticking out from the shore. The man who gave the alarm was now considered a coward, and was severely beaten.

After the fishermen have caught their oysters, they put them into pits dug in the ground, and cover them over with sand. In this situation, the oyster opens, the flesh decays, and the pearls drop out. They are then taken up, and the sand, that is mixed with them, is sifted out.

Such is the process of pearl fishing. The shells, in which these pearls are found, are call-

ed mother-of-pearl. Many are taken to Europe and America, and are worked up for various ornamental purposes.

Mr. Lombard has a manufactory of mother-of-pearl, in Boston, where he makes a great many beautiful articles. His shop is in Washington Street; and if you will go there, you will see paper cutters, butter knives, umbrella handles, buckles, buttons, and many other things, all made of mother-of-pearl.



CHAPTER XV.

About Coral and Coral Fisheries.

HERE is a picture of a branch of coral. It



What is mother-of-pearl? What is mother-of-pearl used for?

looks, at first, like the branch of an old dry tree ; but, if you take a piece of coral in your hand, and examine it, you will perceive that it is hard and heavy, like a bone.

There are three kinds of coral—black, red, and white. The black kind is the most rare, and the most costly. The red is of many shades, and is much prized. Beads, earrings, and many other ornaments, are made of it. Some of the most beautiful specimens of coral are worth fifty dollars an ounce ; while the more common kinds may be bought for a shilling a pound.

Coral was once supposed to be a plant ; but it is now known to be produced by a multitude of little animals, so small as hardly to be seen, called polypi. They live around coral, and seem almost to form a part of its substance. They appear to be very industrious, and go on, day and night, pursuing their silent labor.

How many kinds of coral are there ? Which is the most rare and costly ? How is coral produced ? What are the animals called, that make coral ?

In the Pacific Ocean, many of the great islands appear to be the work of these little creatures. They begin at the bottom of the sea, and, with patient toil, and by slow degrees, lay the foundation of the future island. Millions of these little architects are at work. Day after day, year after year, century after century, they continue, with ceaseless industry, to add to the accumulating mass.

At length, the work reaches the top of the ocean; and the new island, created by such humble laborers, is seen on the bosom of the sea. The tempest rises, and the surges beat upon the shore; but the rampart is too strong to be shaken. It is firmly rooted, deep in the sea, and cannot be overturned.

Such is the origin of many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Most of them are known to be composed, at the foundation, entirely of coral; and it is imagined, that multitudes of new islands, yet hidden beneath the surface of the

waves, are building, by these busy little creatures.

The forms in which coral grows are various. It is usually attached to rocks and stones ; sometimes it grows in large masses, and sometimes it assumes the shape of the branches of trees. The principal coral fisheries are in the Mediterranean Sea.

The fishermen do not dive for it, as for pearls. They have machines for breaking it off from the rocks, and bringing it up. It is often found to the depth of 5 or 600 feet in the water.



CHAPTER XVI.

Parley tells about Sponge.

ALL my readers have, no doubt, seen pieces of sponge. They look like bunches of moss ;

What are the forms in which coral grows ? Where are the principal coral fisheries ? How is coral obtained ?

and one would think that they were some kind of plant. But this is not true. Sponges grow in the sea, and are found fastened to rocks, along shore, under the water.

There are, at least, fifty kinds of sponge. Some are found on the coasts of England, some in Norway, some in Sweden, and many in other countries. Sponges grow in various forms ; some in the shape of a cock's comb, some like a crown, and some in other forms. They are, also, of different colors ; some being green, some reddish, some white, and some a pale yellow. That in common use is of the latter color.

When the tide is low, the sponge may be seen in tufts or bunches, growing to the rocks. If you take hold of it, you will perceive that it shrinks from your hand, and thus shows that it is alive. There is, in fact, no doubt, strange as it may seem, that sponges are animals, not vegetables.

Where do sponges grow ? How many kinds of sponge are there ? In what countries do sponges grow ? What can you tell of the different forms and colors of sponge ? Are sponges animals, or vegetables ?

When minutely examined, they can be seen to breathe, the water flowing in and out, at the little holes on the top.


You will, perhaps, ask me, whether a bunch of sponge is one animal, or many animals. I suppose it to be only one. It, no doubt, has feeling; and, when torn from the rocks, shows, by its writhing, that it suffers pain. Its food is received by the little openings, or mouths, at the top. It breathes, also, through these places.

Some people have supposed, that sponge was an animal production, not an animal itself. Coral is an animal production, formed by numerous little creatures, that live in and about it; and it was imagined that sponge was produced in a similar way. But it has been clearly shown, that the whole mass of a sponge constitutes a single animal.

There is a curious kind of sponge, which grows along the northern coast of North Ameri-

What else can you tell about sponges? What curious kind of sponge grows in North America?

ca; it is called stinging sponge. It is of a bright orange color, and is covered with little protuberances, or bunches, by which it sucks in, and throws out, the water. When dried, it becomes white; and, when rubbed on the hand, it will raise blisters.



CHAPTER XVII.

About Sea Monsters.

IF I had time, I should like to tell you about many other curious animals, that inhabit the sea. I should, in particular, delight to tell you about the beautiful shells, that are found along the sea shore. But you must learn these matters in some other book. I have, myself, written a little book about animals, where you will find some interesting stories about the various inhabitants of the great deep.

But I must not omit to say something about mermaids, sea serpents, and other monsters of the ocean.

A great many stories have been told about mermaids. They have been described as having head, face, neck, and shoulders, like a beautiful woman, with a long tail, like any other fish. They are said to have long, black, silken hair.

Sometimes they have been seen reposing on the rocks, combing their tresses with their fingers; sometimes they have been heard to sing; and the music of their voices is said to float over the waters like the sweet tones of a flute.

If I were to tell you all that has been told about mermaids, I should have to write a book. The people, who live along the sea coast, often see them, or imagine they see them. Sometimes they are sporting on the waves, amid the dashing billows; sometimes they sit mournfully in some rocky cave, along the shore; and sometimes they are seen down deep in the glassy water, gliding amid groves of coral.

When I say all these things have happened, I mean that they have been described as having really happened. But, to tell you the truth, I do not believe a word of it all. I have been to sea a good deal, myself, and have seen many strange appearances, and strange animals ; but I never saw a mermaid, nor any thing that looked more like one than a porpoise, or a dolphin. If one of these fair maids of the sea will come ashore, and let Mr. Harding take her likeness, then we will believe that such beings exist ; and not till then.

I will now tell you about the sea-serpent. There are many people who do not believe in the existence of a sea-serpent, any more than in the existence of mermaids. But, for my own part, I do not doubt it at all. I have myself, amid the Asiatic islands, seen large serpents in the sea, at a considerable distance from the land. Serpents are, also, often seen in the water, on the southern coast of Hindostan. These are land serpents ; but yet they can live in sea wa-

ter, and actually spend a considerable part of their time in the sea. Now, if some snakes can live a great part of their time in the sea, it is easy to believe, that there may be serpents which live always in the sea.

Stories of sea-serpents are not new. Many sea captains, for hundreds of years, have brought occasional accounts of monstrous serpents, they have seen on the coast of Norway and Sweden. This class of serpents went under the name of kraken. Some huge stories were told about them. These were, of course, disbelieved; but the existence of sea-serpents was not doubted.

Well; some eight or ten years ago, one of these great monsters was seen off Cape Ann, and afterwards from Nahant. Sometimes it was seen apparently at rest upon the water; and again it was seen in rapid motion, moving along upon the top of the waves.

A great many people saw this creature; some sea captains, some sailors, some men of sense, education, and high standing. They all gave

the same account of it. It appeared to be as long as the mast of a ship, and about as large round as a large man's body.

This strange visiter attracted a great deal of attention. The newspapers were full of the story; the people were all talking about it; and hundreds of individuals went down to Nahant, hoping to get a sight of the monster.

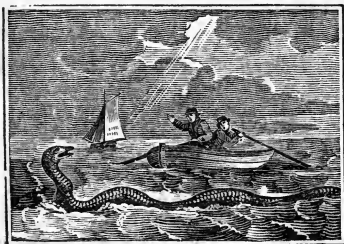
So great was the excitement, that some persons were determined, if possible, to catch the snake. So they went off in the boats; and, seeing something at a distance, on the water, which they were not acquainted with, they gave chase, harpooned it, and set out to bring it to Boston.

Some of the party came before the fish, and spread the news through the town, that the sea-serpent was coming. There was scarcely more bustle at the battle of Bunker Hill, than now, in the streets of Boston. They were full of people, with staring eyes, all going down to the wharf, to see the sea-serpent.

An immense crowd was assembled. At length, the fishermen came, towing their prize along at the stern of the boat. It came to the wharf. The people saw it. It was nothing but a horse-mackerel; a very common fish, about twelve or fifteen feet long.

The people were, of course, disappointed; and they were not a little angry. The Bostonians were laughed at, and the whole story of the sea-serpent was converted into ridicule. Many people now would not believe in the sea-serpent at all, but held that he must be either a horse-mackerel or a humbug.

But, since this, and within a very short time, the sea-serpent has come again, and shown himself off the coast of New Hampshire. He was seen by a number of people in a vessel, and went so near a boat, that a man, who was in it, could have struck him with an oar. There is, therefore, no good reason to doubt the existence of this animal. I hope he will be caught, before long, and his skin hung up in the Museum, so that we may all have a look at him.



Sea Serpent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Story of a Slave Ship.

I SUPPOSE all my readers know, that there are a great many negro slaves in the world. There are a great many in the Southern States. The cotton, tobacco, and rice, that are raised there, are cultivated by black slaves. - If you ever go to the cities of Charleston, Savannah, or New Orleans, you will see great numbers of them. You will frequently see twenty or thirty, and sometimes fifty of them, standing in the streets, for sale.

Sometimes they are put up at auction, and the man, who will give the highest price, takes them. Sometimes a family of negroes are taken to market; and the father is sold to one man, the mother to another, and the children to a third. They are then separated forever. You may often see the mother weeping, as if her heart would break, to part with her children;

and you may see the children with their eyes swimming in tears, at leaving their mother.

When a man buys these slaves, he takes them home, and they are his property. They are obliged to labor for him all their lives ; and their children, also, become his slaves. The white people have the right to come and go as they please ; but the poor negro slaves have no such liberty. If one of them goes away from his master, he is severely punished. If he attempts to defend himself from those who would seize him, and carry him back into slavery, he is shot, like a mad dog.

Now, all this is very shocking ; and, in a land like ours, where we boast that freedom is the right of every man, it is painful to think that such things exist. Yet they do exist ; and every good man is bound to exert himself ardently, to relieve the country from the crime of holding thousands and thousands of our fellow beings in slavery.

Let us not be unjust to the people of the

Southern States. Many of them are good people, and anxiously wish that, somehow or other, the slaves might be set free. There are others, I am sorry to say, who insist upon it, that slavery is right and necessary ; and who are opposed to all attempts to release the negroes from their bondage. These, certainly, are bad men, and deserve rebuke.

Let us hope that the time will yet come, when there shall be no more slavery. For ourselves, let us resolve, that, if the opportunity is ever offered, we will use our best endeavors to promote the liberation of slaves, when it can be done consistently with their good, and the good of the people generally.

There are many slaves in other parts of the world, as well as in the Southern States. There are a great many in South America, and the West Indies. Sometimes these slaves are treated with great cruelty. They are always uneducated, and their masters are usually opposed to their being taught religion.

They are, in fact, treated as if they were mere animals. Their owners use them only as instruments by which they may promote their own interests. They have complete power over them; yet they take no care that their souls are prepared for a future state of existence.

Such is slavery; and it is a painful thing to think of. But the worst part has not been told. The manner in which these negroes are taken from Africa, and brought to America, is the most dreadful part of the business. I will tell you a short story of a slave ship, which will enable you to understand it all.

A few years ago, there was a large ship fitted out from an American port, for Africa. It was pretended she was going somewhere else; but she proceeded directly to the coast of Guinea. When she was seen off the shore, the negroes went to her in their boats, and began to trade with the captain for slaves.

The negroes are a barbarous people; and the different tribes often go to war with each other.

The prisoners they take are sold as slaves. Sometimes, a powerful prince, knowing that the ships will be on the coast to buy slaves, sends his soldiers against some peaceful village, that they may take the inhabitants, and sell them for slaves.

They, of course, resist ; and many of them are killed. A few are taken, men, women and children ; and these are carried off to the coast.

Thus the vessels that go to Africa for slaves, induce the negroes to murder each other.

But I must tell you of the American slave ship. The captain procured some slaves for rum, gunpowder, and fire-arms ; and then he went to another place. Here he procured more, and in a short time he obtained 150 slaves. With these, he set out to come to America.

The slaves were all kept in the lower part of the vessel. The captain was afraid to let them come on deck, for fear they might rebel. They were, therefore, obliged to remain below all the time. They were crowded together, men, wo-

men and children, so closely, that they could hardly breathe. Most of the men were chained.

The rooms, in which they were confined, were so low that they could not stand up. In this miserable condition, many of them were taken sick, and some were so sad and melancholy, that they would not eat. The captain ordered them to be whipped ; but they looked up in the faces of their tormentors, with a smile, saying, " We shall soon be no more."

At length, a fever broke out among them ; and every day some of them died. There were some little children, whose mothers became sick, and could not take care of them. The little creatures wailed sadly ; but there was no one there to pity them. The white men, engaged in this business, lose their humanity. They become hard-hearted and cruel. They have no feeling for these poor wretches.

At length, a new evil presented itself. The vessel was detained by head winds ; and she did not arrive at the place she was going to as soon

as was expected. Her provisions, therefore, began to run short. Of the 150 negroes, who started in the vessel, 80, only, were now alive. These now had only half enough to eat. In a few days, the quantity of food given to them was still diminished.

Such was now the condition of the slaves, that several of them threw themselves overboard, preferring death to their confinement. Two or three of them were deranged; and one man, in a state of frenzy, broke his chains, ran upon deck, seized a knife, and threatened to kill one of the sailors. He was immediately shot dead, and thrown overboard.

At length, the slave ship arrived at her port of destination; 30, only, of the 150, were living. The rest were all dead, and had been given to the waves. Such is the story of a single slave voyage; and such are the means, by which slavery has been introduced into America.

If we take into view the great number of negroes killed in the wars which are undertaken

for the purpose of procuring slaves, and the large portion of the slaves that die on board the ships, in coming to America, I think we may safely calculate, that, for every negro slave brought from Africa, at least four others have lost their lives.

These deaths can be looked upon as nothing less than so many murders ; and all those, who have been concerned in this awful business, will have to answer to God for their crimes. I am glad to say, that almost all persons, in our country, condemn the slave trade. But there are actually a great many persons still concerned in it.

Our government, and the government of England, are doing what they can to put it down ; but still cargoes of slaves are brought into the Southern States ; and there are always bad people enough there to buy them.

I hope all good men will soon unite their efforts against the whole business of slavery. I hope the time will soon come, when no person will be found so base as to excuse or palliate slavery, in any case. Wherever it exists, under

whatever circumstances, it is wrong, and tends to evil; and every individual should do what he can to put a period to it.

CHAPTER XIX.

Singular Story of a Whale Ship.

I WILL now relate to you a remarkable story of the ship *Essex*, which sailed from Nantucket about the year 1820. She was commanded by Captain Pollard, and went to the Pacific Ocean, where she was employed some time in catching whales.

One day, the seamen harpooned a young whale. I have told you that the affection of the whale toward its young ones is very strong. This was evinced in a remarkable manner on the present occasion.

When the mother of the young whale found

her young one was killed, she went to some distance from the ship, and then, rushing through the water, came against the stern of the vessel with the greatest violence. So great was the force of the shock, that several of the timbers were loosened, and the vessel pitched and reeled on the water, as if struck by a whirlwind.

Nor was the whale satisfied with this. Again she went to the distance of more than a mile, and then, shooting through the waves with incredible swiftness, came like a thunderbolt upon the bow of the vessel. The timbers were instantly beaten in, and the ship began to fill with water. Scarcely had the people on board sufficient time to get into their boat, before she went down.

Thus suddenly wrecked in this extraordinary manner, the poor seamen were now on the wide water in an open boat. If the whale had come against them in this condition, they would all have been drowned. But they saw no more of the dreadful monster.

For a long time they were out upon the sea, and they suffered very much from fatigue, care and anxiety. There is no situation more dreadful than that of poor seamen, thus exposed upon the waves. If a storm rises, they are liable every moment to be swallowed up. If they do not soon meet with some vessel that will take them aboard, or get to some port, their food will be exhausted, and they will die of famine or thirst.

In the present instance, Captain Pollard and his men were a long time upon the sea, and they suffered a great deal for the want of victuals and drink. But at length they met with another vessel, and were all taken on board. Finally, they reached their native country, and the mate of the vessel published a book, giving an account of these remarkable adventures.

CHAPTER XX.

Story of La Perouse.

I AM now going to tell you about a celebrated voyager, named La Perouse. He was a gallant young Frenchman, and came, with other French sailors, to assist the American people in the revolutionary war. He was esteemed so good a seaman, that the king of France employed him to go on a voyage of discovery into the Pacific Ocean.

He set out with two ships in the year 1785, and proceeded to the Pacific. He first went along the coast of America, and stopped at various places. He saw a good many of the Indians, and traded with them for various articles. He saw Mount St. Elias, which, I believe, is the highest mountain in North America. Its top is always covered with snow.

He went to the north-west coast of North America, and, at a place called Port Francis,

he had an interview with the natives. One of them, on seeing himself in a looking glass, seemed as much astonished as if he had met a spirit.

After leaving Port Francis, La Perouse returned to the south, and then sailed in a westerly direction, across the Pacific Ocean, to the coast of China. He then sailed to Manilla, a large Spanish town in the island of Luzon. I have been at this place myself, as I have told you in my Tales of the Pacific.

La Perouse was there many years before I was. He went into the country, and saw a good many of the natives. He found them nearly equal to Europeans. They had ingenious goldsmiths, blacksmiths, and other mechanics. They seemed honest, pleasant, and friendly. All this agrees with my own observation. I like the people of Luzon very much.

La Perouse was anxious to get all the information he could about the islands and shores of the Pacific Ocean, and so he sailed from Manil-



Indian of Port Francis, frightened at seeing himself in a Glass.

la, and went to various places along the eastern coast of Asia. He wanted very much to go to Japan, but he knew the people would not let him come into their country. So he continued to proceed along the coast, and at length reached Kamschatka. He was very well treated there, but he soon left the people, and went to the Navigator's Islands.

These islands are ten in number, and they are inhabited by a very savage race of people. When the vessels approached the shore of one of these islands, they saw the natives sitting under the cocoa-nut trees, apparently enjoying the beautiful prospect around them.

At length La Perouse came to the large island of Maouna. Here his vessel was soon surrounded by two hundred boats, full of people. They brought a great many hogs, pigeons, fowls, and fruits. These they wished to exchange for beads, axes, cloth, and other articles. So the people on board the vessels began to trade with them. In the mean time, La Perouse sent some

boats ashore to fill some casks with water, and bring them off to the vessels.

La Perouse himself went on shore. He found the houses of the people very comfortable, and they seemed quite happy. Nothing, indeed, can be more delightful than the climate of these islands. It is always summer there, and the inhabitants are able to live with very little labor. The trees are loaded with fruit, and the shores abound in fish.

There are large sea-turtles along the shore, and the people catch them in the following manner : they go into the water, and seize the turtle, turn him over on his back, and then take him ashore. The creature is quite helpless on his back.

The people of these islands seemed to be in want of almost nothing that the French people had to offer them. The articles which they desired most, were beads, and other trinkets.

I must now tell you about M. de Langles. He commanded one of the vessels under La



Catching a Sea Turtle.

Perouse. The day of their arrival, he went in his boat with some men to a small bay, at the distance of two or three miles. Here he found a delightful spot. There was a beautiful little river, that came foaming down to the water, and near it was a very pretty village.

De Langles was so much charmed with the place, that he obtained the consent of La Perouse to visit it again the next day. He now took with him four boats and sixty men, wishing to procure some water to carry to the ships.

When he arrived at the bay, he found it not so good a place to obtain water as he thought, and he was about to return to the vessels. But the people on the shore invited the voyagers to land, and, as the weather was very pleasant, and all around them seemed peaceful and inviting, the men from the four boats went ashore.

At first, there were about two hundred natives, and these had all something to sell. Some had hogs, and some had various kinds of fruit.

While the French people were trading with them, more of the natives continued to arrive, and, in an hour or two, there were at least 1200 on the spot.

De Langles now became alarmed, for he suspected that the Indians intended some mischief. He ordered the men to get the casks, which they had filled, into the boats as soon as possible. This was scarcely done, before the savages began to hurl stones at the people in the boats. De Langles was himself knocked down and killed.

The Frenchmen fired upon the natives, and shot a great many of them. Ten men and officers, besides De Langles, were also killed by the stones of the savages. At length the French succeeded in getting their boats out upon the water. They were followed by the islanders, who came breast deep into the sea, to attack them.

The French, however, made great exertions, and forty-nine out of sixty-one persons, who had

PARLEY'S TALES OF THE SEA.



Attack upon the French, and death of De Langles.

started in the morning, returned in safety to the ship. When La Perouse heard of the attack upon the boats, he was very angry; but he thought it best to leave these people, and so he went away.

He now went to several places, but finally came to Botany Bay, in New Holland. Here he staid a short time, and then put to sea again. But, from that time, nothing was heard of him, till recently. He wrote letters at Botany Bay, and sent them to his friends in France, saying he should return in the spring of 1788.

For a long time he was expected; but by and by it began to be feared, that some dreadful calamity had befallen him, the two ships, and all on board. Such was the anxiety in France on account of them, that some vessels were fitted out, with orders to proceed to the Pacific Ocean, and, if possible, discover their fate.

These vessels, having cruised about for some time, at length came to some islands near New Holland. Here they learned the dreadful truth.

The two ships had been driven on the rocks in a storm, and all on board had perished. Not a single individual escaped to tell the melancholy story. The inhabitants of the land picked up some pieces of the wreck, and a few articles that had belonged to the vessel were found in their huts.

Such is the sad story of La Perouse. He was one of the most famous voyagers that ever lived, and the French people mourned greatly for him.



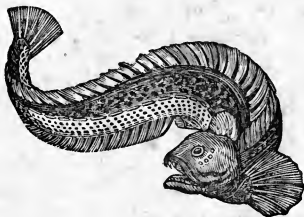
CHAPTER XXI.

Conclusion.

I MUST now bring this little book to a close. I have told you many things about the Sea, and there are still many more which I should like to give you an account of. I should like to tell you about Captain Cook, who sailed several times around the world, and of Captain Parry, who went to the northern regions of North America, and met with strange adventures in the frozen seas there.

I should like also to give you an account of some of the remarkable shipwrecks which have happened, and, above all,

to describe the fish that swim beneath the waves. I should like to tell you of the Sea-wolf, whose picture I give you here;



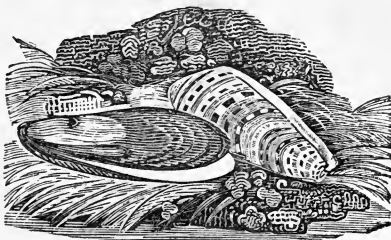
and about a fish that has a head like a horse; and a



hundred other strange creatures, that are found in different parts of the great Deep. But you will read about all

these matters in some other book, and you will find them very interesting. I have written a little volume about animals, myself, which you can get at the book-stores. In that you will find some curious stories about the fishes and other creatures that dwell in the sea.

I must now bid you farewell. I have told you about America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean. In this little book, I have told you something about the five great Oceans that are spread out upon the globe. I shall now tell you about the Sun, Moon and Stars; and when I have done so, I suppose my little reader will be tired of old Peter Parley, and be willing to bid him good bye for ever.







H. Grant

